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POEMS

BY

WILL L. CROWE

BEING A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL SONGS,
RECITATIONS, AND OTHER POEMS,
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

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PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR

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TO CRITICS

Ere you criticise a sermon,
Write a sermon of your own;
Ere you criticise a poem,
First compose a rival one:
And if thus, on equal footing,
You make judge and judged appear;
Then, you'll be an honest critic,
And, I think, much less severe.

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PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

I was born in Bruce county, Canada, on March 19th, 1866.

My father, who is a farmer, moved to Howard county, Neb., in 1881, and settled near St. Paul, where we still reside.

I refrain from giving a lengthy autobiography, as I do not regard these works as being of sufficient importance to require it; but a slight knowledge of the author and his early home is necessary to an understanding of some of these writings.

I am far from thinking that these poems are models of correctness, for they have all been composed while I was engaged in some kind of farm work. I have never had time to write anything very weighty or deep, if I have the ability to do so. My time, now, is too much occupied with my farm work to permit me to write them with the care I should like to bestow upon them; so the reader, I trust, will pardon improprieties he may meet.

Some of these compositions have been handed around in manuscript, and recited in schools and literary societies, where they seemed to give satisfaction; and it is the thought that they might entertain at such gatherings, or afford pastime to the reader, that induces me to have them published.

My hopes are not very exalted as to how my introduction to the public, through this humble volume,

will be received; but I look forward, hopefully, to a time when circumstances will enable me to study more, so that if I write another book, it will be more correct and meritorious.

In concluding these remarks, I wish to express my thanks to my good friend, Mrs. Fannie R. Wallace, for the much kind advice and help I have received from her, both as my Sabbath-school teacher of some years ago, and as a critic of my writings; and also to my loving wife, Minnie, for preparing my manuscripts and my meals while I have been husking my corn.

W. L. CROWE.

CROWE'S POEMS.

EPISTLE TO MY MUSE.

Composed while cultivating corn.

Oh, come to me, poetic muse,
And let thy presence charm
A lonely bard who works so hard
On this Nebraska farm!

Mount Pegasus, fair Erato,
And from Parnassus' brow
Take flight to me, o'er land and sea;
You'll find me at the plow.

The hours drag so slowly by,
And, oh! the day is long,
Without thee to inspire me
To compose a rhyme or song.

The withering breath of Aeolus,
The scorching beams of Sol,
Both parch my lips, and make hot drops
Of perspiration fall.

But in thy sweet Castalian fount,
Just let my lips be wet;
Then lost in rhyme, both Father Time
And thirst, I'll soon forget.

Then till old faithful hunger's clock
Proclaim it time to dine,
I turn the soil, and know no toil,
Till Phoebus doth decline.

Oh, charming fay of Helicon!
Pray, leave thy genial clime,
That I with thee, in poesy,
May pass away my time;

Then with each row of corn I plow,
A stanza we'll compose;
Thus time will fly, and night draw nigh,
Before the toiler knows.

I would that men on public works
Could court a muse like thee;
They'd care not then if eight or ten
Their hours of work should be;

But thou dost love in solitude
With some recluse to be;
Some exiled wretch or lonely "bach,"
Who can none court but thee.

BLACK-EYED BESSIE.

'Tis sunny spring, and everything
Is looking fresh and green;
Each hill and dale and grassy vale
Presents a pleasant scene;
But naught I see enraptures me,
Or thrills me with such joy,
As does the flash, through the dark eyelash,
Of black-eyed Bessie's eye.

Each low ravine, so deep and green,
Looks beautiful in June,
Lit by the bright and lucid light
Of sun, or stars and moon;
But all that we on earth can see, or in the
starry sky,

Cannot entrance like one gay glance
Of black-eyed Bessie's eye.

Some men delight to go each night
To glut themselves with beer;
And then come home, foul from its foam,
To the one they once called dear;
To festivals, and banquet halls,
Some go to gormandize;
But my heart's greed is but to feed
On black-eyed Bessie's eyes.

Each evening when some nice young men
Have the'r work or business done;
In billiard halls, they roll round balls,
And think they're having fun!
In quiet homes some play at games, —
But let me have a ride,
On a lovely night, when the sky is bright,
By black-eyed Bessie's side!

Some love to climb the heights, sublime,
Of mountains rough and hoar;
Some love to be beside the sea
Where winds and waters roar;
But having placed around her waist,
My arm, when none espy, —
I'm in a trance beneath the glance
Of black-eyed Bessie's eye.

LINES.

You fault not my rhyme, nor my thoughts as they're
 drest;
 But my subjects, you say, are not always the best;
 You say, I should choose something grand and sub-
 lime;
 But what's on my mind most, must be in my rhyme.

 Then don't criticize too severely my themes;
 I write of what gives me the most pleasant dreams;
 Yet I'll do as you say,—“Choose a subject sublime;”—
 But what's on my mind most, must be in my rhyme.

 And though I should search, long and often, to find
 That grandest of themes to my poetic mind,
 I am sure I'd decide on yourself every time;—
 For what's on my mind most, must be in my rhyme.

 MOSES GRIPE'S PREPARATIONS FOR MAR-
 RIAGE.

“Yes, I think it's 'bout time when a man's forty-four,
 An' has 'bached' twenty years, to 'bach it' no more;
 So I'm goin' to git married to Isabel Grey;
 She's healthy and stout, so I think it will pay.

“This bakin's a bother;—then with no one 'roun',
 My pigs have to starve while I'm gone to the town;
 Now my grain must be stacked, and then hayin' comes
 on,

An I can't very well do sich work all alone;

“If she's willin' to help, I think I kin afford
 To take her, and give her her clothin' and board.
 If she's 'greeable, I'll niver grudge, I'm sure,
 This trouble I have gittin' ready for her.

"I have made a new milk-stool, and cushioned it well
With canvas and hay, for my dear Isabel;
I have bought a large staffchurn, and two ridin' plows,
Which we'll pay for with butter from seventeen cows.

"I hev bought lots of lime, an' some brushes, an'
brooms,

So that she can clean up the house when she comes;
I engaged seven boarders the very same day,—
Informing them,—I am the one takes the pay.'

"Then, I took my old slop-barrel, and sawed it in two;
On a wheel-barrow, one half, I fixed with a screw.
It is one of the lightest and handiest rigs
That a woman could wish for, for sloppin' the pigs.

"A look, I am sure, would do any man good,
At the ax I have bought her for choppin' her wood;—
Now, if she don't appreciate all I hev done,
Then she's one of the meanest gals under the sun."

NEBRASKA SCENERY.

What is there on these Western plains an artist would
admire?

What, here, would rouse in orator his eloquence and
fire?

What is there that the natur' list would view with
wild delight?

What scenery to inspire the pensive Western bard to
write?

Through clover fields, o'er pebbly beds, no babbling
brooklets flow;

We see no lakes, bedecked with isles, where rare wild
flowers grow;

No tall and stately forest trees; no springs nor brook-
lets clear,

No grand or lovely scenery for admiration here.

A murky kind of ditch the name of "creek" or "river"
takes;

And, here and there, some stagnant mudholes proudly
we call "lakes;"

And on the banks, where sandburs bloom, and many
a cactus grows,

To muse on Nature's beauties, may the Western bard
repose.

At last, when eventide has come, unfinished is his lay;
And through the bogs and sagebrush, he homeward
plods his way;

With muddy shoes, and torn clothes, the bogs at
length are passed;

With eyes chock-full of drifting sand, he reaches
home at last.

Nor do the muses oft descend to court the farmer boy,
While these bleak winds around him sweep, which
harass and annoy;

If e'er he wields his pen, 'tis not to write of tranquil
bliss;

But, from his soul, he writes in rhyme some ardent
wish like this:—

"Would that I might transported be to some seques-
tered vale,—

Across which, ruthless Aeolus no more shall ride the
gale;

Where I might spend one peaceful spring, and never
hear his roar.—

Or where Nebraska's howling winds should buffet me
no more." *

THE BLISS AND THE MISERIES OF LOVE.

One evening, at Firehole† we camped for the night,
And tethered our team on the green,
Where we spent many hours with laughter and song,
And talking of what we had seen.

But Ericcson generally gayest of all,
That evening was pensive and mum;
Till someone said, "Jack what's the matter to-night?
And what has you looking so glum?"

"Oh!" said he, "I'm not thinking of what we see here,
While we o'er the Yellowstone rove;
But the pleasures and sorrows, the joys and vexations,
And the bliss, and the miseries of love.

"I know very well, Will, that you have been there;
And you, Tom, have felt Cupid's dart;
And Lew, I've no doubt that some beautiful maid
Once captured and fractured your heart.

"If you ever were deeply in love with a maid
That you feared didn't care much for you,
You know how each look that she gives you affects,
And makes you feel happy or blue.

"What varied emotions each moment you feel!
Now pleasure, now misery or pain;
Now you bask in her smile; now you wither and shrink
At her look of reproach or disdain.

* Though there's little in Nebraska scenes an artist would desire;
And but little for the natur'list or poet to admire:
Yet the gardeners and farmers, of these fertile vales and plains.
Find as near perfection, this, as any land the earth contains.

† In the Yellowstone National Park.

"You think, 'The most favored of mortals am I',
As you steal from her lips a sweet kiss;
But next evening you secretly spy Billy Jinks
Enjoying the very same bliss.

"Oh! unmerciful fate! unrequited love,
How cruel and painful thy sting!
The jilted and heart-broken lover, alone,
Knows the terrible anguish you bring!

"Never once in my life has my love been returned
By the girl I desired to woo;
Though annoyed by the amorous glances and smiles
Of all other maids that I knew.

"How happy, indeed, should the married man be,
Who has captured the one he loves best;
Who no more feels the jealousies, fears and sus-
pense,
That rankle the poor lover's breast!"

BIGOTRY.

In science, in religion, and in politics we find
That a bitter sort of bigotry exists among mankind.
It ruins friendship, and our hearts with enmity imbues,
Making foes of all who differ in their doctrines or
their views.

Yet, our doctrines are but patrimonies, be they bad or
good;
We take them from our fathers as an infant takes its
food;
Pure and sacred these inheritances are in our own
sight;
Those of other creeds are foolish, those of ours alone
are right.

Yet, should sons forever tread the path their fathers
trod so long,
With eyes and ears closed up, for fear they find their
doctrine wrong?—

As useless as the library that never leaves the shelf,
Are reasoning powers to him who never reasons for
himself.

All our tenets should stand trial, careful scrutiny, and
quest;

If they're false, we ought to know it, and if true
they'll stand the test.

He who but to one idea clings, and vows it must be
true,

Because a man whose word is law, expressed it as his
view;

Who cannot trust his reasoning powers to judge of
wrong and right,

Should have the little change he needs for ape or par-
asite.

Some adhere to an opinion just from blinded prejudice,
Scorning e'en to think of others that to them appear
amiss;

Other's pride in their ancestors' lore, to them convic-
tion bears,

That all opinions must be wrong that don't agree with
theirs.

Though a pride in our own doctrine is inbred in every
sect,

Yet, for others' inborn views we ought to have a due
respect.

We should not despise the negro for his color, or his
name,

When we can thank but chance of birth that we are
not the same;

For creeds and color, titles, looks, that sully or en-
hance,

Are fortunes, or misfortunes, but inherited by chance.

Got as heir-looms, or the dower of an undeserving
bride,

Titles, beauty, or our doctrines give no grounds for
bigot pride.

Hence we should see the vanity of prejudice and
pride,

And take no fop, or bigot, for our pattern or our
guide;—

Were you born beneath a lucky star, to you no honor's
due;

Nor does it justify contempt of those less blest than
you.

If Fate thought fit to make you white, then let her
have your thanks;

And if your'e black, ascribe it, just, to one of Nature's
pranks.

Hereditaments are many, and our own acquirements
few,

And to kings for their position there's but little honor
due;

And though we may take some pride in work that we
alone have done,

Yet, 'tis foolish to be vain of what our efforts haven't
won;

Or without research and reasoning, to adhere to any
creed,
Just because our fathers held it, and to nothing else
gave heed.

EPISTLE.

TO A FRIEND WHO HAD JUST GRADUATED.

In school, while we're seeking for knowledge, we find
Satisfaction and joy in improving the mind;
But we're apt to find out, that whate'er height attained,
From its practical use, little pleasure is gained.

The high aspirations and hopes of our youth,
Oft are cruelly crushed, and we wake to the truth,
That most of us must be content to pursue
Some work beneath that which we're fitted to do.

And, if by rare fortune we win a great name,
And reach the top round of the ladder of fame;
We, like Solomon, turn from the greatness and glare,
And say: "All is vanity—trouble and care!"

If we realize all that we hope for, or not,
Disappointment will, generally, fall to our lot;
For the realized future is seldom as bright
As we see it in fancy, ere coming to light.

Yet, although I disparage ambition for fame,
In life, I would never say, "Lower your aim."
But rate not too highly your talents or lore,
And the death of your hopes you'll less deeply deplore.

LOVE'S EFFECT.

Two handsome young plow boys are Peter and Mike,
Who, to-day, are both plowing for old farmer Peck;

Both are good jolly lads, with a relish for fun,
And each has a sweet-heart, "as fair as the sun!"

Last night Peter went to see Daisy Coquette,
And Mike went to see farmer Jones' daughter Bet,—
Let us hide in the shade of this thick willow hedge,
Where they turn every round, and my honor I'll
pledge,

That something before very long will throw light
On how each fellow fared with his sweet-heart last
night.

Hark! list to that music! that whistler's no snipe;
He's whistling a jig tune—"The Fisher's Hornpipe:"

Note the shrill lively flourish he adds at the end—
Come and peep through this hole where I'm looking,
my friend.

Did you hear that low chuckle, so rapturous like?
Say, which fellow is it? It's Mike, yes, it's Mike!

Oh! just take a look at that grin on his mug;
He's thinking of when he gave Betty the hug!
See his cheeks, how they're swelling! He's dropping
his jaw!

He can hold in no longer;—Hark—"ha—ha—ha—ha!"

Now he turns on the corner;—"Get up! come round!
gee!—

She's a jewel, is Betty;" (singing) "Te ri de dum de!"
But who is this hard-looking type of our race,
With that terrible woe-begone look in his face?

See his grim-looking countenance. Listen, I pray!
"Confound the durned women!" I hear Peter say.
Now he jerks up his horses, his angry eyes flash;
Then he raises his whip, brings it down with a slash;

"She's the meanest gal livin'; she couldn't be wo'se!
Git up tha! Come 'roun' Jack! You lazy old cuss!—
Sich a blamed plow to guide as this I've niver seen!—
Git up! Steady! Haw! Gee! Jack! What do you mean?—

This world's all a humbug, and women are too—
I wish I could leave both. By hokey! I do."

Thus muttering gloomily, onward goes Pete,
So we may now sneak from our shady retreat;

And we know, just as well as if we had been there,
How each lad was treated last night by his Fair.

So here's my advice to all fellows that court;—
If you want much vexation, go courting a flirt;

But, if you would be happy, with heart free from pain,
Court good honest Bettie, though ever so plain.

WHEN OUR CONSCIENCE IS CLEAR.

At the grey dawn of morn, when the sun's placid light
Just begins to appear;

And the mists are dispersed by its streamers, so bright,
From the east of our sphere;—

As its golden rays flow o'er each meadow and stream;
As they dance on the water, and sparkle and gleam;
How fair, and how lovely, these beauties all seem,
When our conscience is clear!

When that grander and lovelier picture, at night,
Is unveiled to our eye;

More beautiful e'en than the sun's golden light,
The star-studded sky;

As we think of the motions of each shining sphere,
How grand does the plan of creation appear!

But grander it seems, if our conscience is clear,
As we gaze up on high.

Our hearts are so joyful, our faces so bright,
When we've no guilt to bear,
We're happy all day and retire at night
With nothing to fear;
We love to give praise to our Maker in prayer;
For everything seems so attractive and fair;
And we see His benevolent works everywhere,
When our conscience is clear.

But when we have guilt weighing down on our heart,
From whate'er cause it be;

Instead of the rapture these scenes should impart,
No beauty we see;

When a mean, wicked action is weighing us down,
And our heart feels a load,—on our face is a frown—
While the still voice of conscience we struggle to
drown,

Oh, how wretched are we!

Would this world be a place full of beauty, and peace,
And joy, and good cheer,

Our endeavor must be from all evil to cease,
Then Elysium is here.

Then we fear neither man nor the death-angel's sword,
But live in the sunshine and smile of the Lord;
And the joys that it gives us are ample reward
When our conscience is clear.

AFTER THE RAIN.

The clouds are all scattered that brought us the rain,
And we welcome the sun in its brightness again;
It comes with its heat and its myriad darts,
To dry up the moisture and gladden our hearts.
And its rays, in dispelling the atmosphere damps,
Give scent to the flowers, and growth to all plants;

The crickets and birds chirp a lustier song,
And the brooks babble more as they ripple along.

All nature seems wakened to music and glee,—
Frogs croaking, and insects in wild jamboree;
Birds swelling their throats for their highest-keyed
lays;

While the naturalist lists in ecstatic amaze.

When we're bathed in the mists and the sun's mellow
light,

Our hearts are more joyful, our faces more bright;
We inhale a deep breath of the purified air,
Which makes our hearts buoyant, and drives away
care.

But if we, at such times, wear a visage of gloom,
When all nature is singing, and sweet flowers bloom,
We should feel it a shame that our Maker should see
His unthinking, dumb creatures more joyful than we.

CANADIAN AMERICANS' SONG.

From the forests, streams and lakes of our dear Cana-
dian home,

We have come to this land of the West,
Where we mingle with men of all races and climes—
Here, where all men are equally blest.

Cho. Then for Canada, hurrah! For the States all,
hurrah!

Hurrah for our homes old and new!
Between them may peace and good will never cease,
And their friendship be lasting and true.

We are neighbors and brothers, our countries are one
Our language and creed are the same;

Let us live as one family in love and in peace,
With no more bloody feuds of shame.

We were loyal to old England one hundred years ago,
While our brothers here for independence fought,
But we'll be just as loyal to this land, now our home,
Whose liberty the blood of heroes bought.

Our industry and thrift are well known where'er we go,
And bring credit to the country where we dwell—
We'll be true to Uncle Sam, and our old Canadian
home

And we'll ne'er disgrace the homes we love so well.

COMPARISONS.

Come boys, let us go out, in fancy, to-day,
To a gathering of maidens, all pretty and gay;
Place Modesty, Frankness, and Candor, beside
Hypocrisy, Boldness, Deception and Pride.

Now place the pretending, deceitful coquette
Near the frank honest maid, whether blonde or brun-
nette;

They both may be very attractive and fair;
But, how do the flirt and sweet maiden compare?

Take the sharp and stern maid, with the eagle's keen
eye,

Place beside her the maid, meek and gentle and shy;
Now, view, for a moment, this ill-mated pair,—

Oh! how do the thistle and lily compare?

Now a masculine maid, with a bold brazen face,
Near a shy, modest, innocent maiden we'll place;
Now, view these two different beings placed there,—
Oh! how do the he-maid and angel compare?

A good maiden preacher may win our respect,
And convince us of folly, or sinful neglect;
A woman's-rights maiden may fill us with awe,
By her deep erudition and knowledge of law;
But, boys, I believe, on this point we agree,
While we deeply respect every maiden we see:
The frank, modest maiden, as meek as a dove,
Is the maid, of all others, that captures our love.

THE GREATEST OF MEN.

The greatest of men have some weakness or flaw,
Not a one of perfection can boast;
Their persistence or daring now holds us in awe
And now these in their failings are lost.
Alexander and Bonaparte conquered the world,
And grew rich from their plunder and pelf;
But, though at their names the world trembled, we're
told,
Yet neither could conquer himself.
The great Bonaparte by a snuffbox was killed;
Edgar Poe by the rum bottle slain;
And Lord Byron's sweet harp, in his young manhood,
stilled,
By the passions he could not restrain.
But I need not a number of instances state,
To prove what I say to be true;
For all who can read, know how few of the great,
Were able themselves to subdue.
Many men have attained a great name in the world,
And subdued every external foe;

But their passions and appetites held them enthralled,
And their end was disgraceful and low.

Inconstancy has been to many a ban,
Others' tempers have caused their downfall;
But he who can conquer himself, is the man
Who is greatest and wisest of all.

MY PINE-TREE CANOE.

I left the verdant wildwood,
Where I spent my early childhood,
And bade my home and loving friends adieu;
But the friends that seemed the nearest
My affections, and the dearest,
Were the river and the forest
And my "Pine-Tree Canoe."

Cho. —

Rowing down the river,—
Where the sunbeams dance and quiver,
Seated in my Pine-Tree Canoe;
Viewing woods and heather
In the lovely summer weather,—
Oh, delightful scenes! forever
Must I bid you all adieu?

That canoe—when first I made it—
With what pleasure I surveyed it,
And concluded it would carry quite a crew!
Then down to the shore I hauled it,
And into the stream I rolled it,—
And the name I always called it
Was, "My Pine-Tree Canoe.

There the river, deep and silent,
Wound around a fairy island,

Where wild fruits and flowers in abundance
grew;
Where the singing birds abounded,
And their joyous notes resounded,
Whilst I slowly sailed around it
In my Pine-Tree Canoe.

Oh! many happy hours
Have I spent among the flowers,
On that isle bedecked with violets pink and
blue;
Or, when in my boat, when passing
By the grassy shores a-fishing,
With the crystal waters washing
Round my Pine-Tree Canoe.

In my dreams, I sometimes wander
To that island over yonder,
And go sailing round it as I used to do;
Though I'm happy when embarking,
Yet I feel the tear-drops starting,
When the hour comes for parting
With my Pine-Tree Canoe.

ONLY A FRIEND.

A few pleasant rides I may take by your side,—
I may call you my friend, you say—never my bride;
I may talk of the flowers or bright stars above;
But, you say, I must never more mention my love.

But one with the beauty and learning of thee,
I had ne'er hoped would wed a plain fellow like me;
So, as in my love I have not been deceived,
I'm not disappointed,—I only feel grieved.

Yes, somebody's darling, my heart is so full
That I act rather soft, and my company is dull;
I sit absent-minded, as if in a spell,
But that I'm not naturally so you know well.

While I stifle my words—while I strive to suppress
The deep, hopeless love which I dare not express;
While my heart almost bursts with crushed hopes and
dismay,
How can I—oh! how can I laugh and be gay?

I can give a ghost smile at your light, careless words,
Which thrill my sad heart like the gay songs of birds;
But beneath that face-smile is Rejection's keen dart,
Which was hurled by your hand, and sticks fast in
my heart!

And the pain and the grief which I strive to conceal,
I know oft my voice or my face doth reveal;
And my gloom takes your pleasure away from our ride;
Yet, oh! let me sit here awhile by your side!

Though the bliss of your company, a very short spell,
Is all I can have, dearest, do not rebel!
But, through pity for me, and the love I bear you,
Let me give you one kiss e'er I bid you adieu!

ADVICE TO YOUNG FELLOWS IN LOVE.

My boy, are you deeply in love with a maid
That calls you a softling or fool?
Then don't feel dismayed by her sneers and tirade,
But just keep good-natured and cool.

Don't allow her to think she alone has your heart,
But with other maids riding be seen;

While you sit in a way, "to prevent"—you may say—
"A cold draft from passing between."

No, don't let her have all the fun to herself,
While you worry and sorrow and fret;
She'll be so overjoyed, if she sees you're annoyed,
That she'll cause you to suicide yet.

When your heart feels like bursting to tell her your
love,

And your words seem to stick in your throat,
Just try, if you can, to act like a man,
And more favor you'll have in your suit.

If you fear that she deems your attentions a bore,
Cause her not constant dread that she's tracked;
But whene'er you on her can a favor confer,
Be ready and willing to act.

Don't compliment her with too many sweet names,
Like Honey, or Sweetie, or Pet;
But show her that you are a friend kind and true,
And, perhaps, you may capture her yet.

American maidens are artful and pert,
And thankless for favors bestowed;
Yet their every caprice that deprives us of peace
Seems to act on our love like a goad.

Independent, are they, as the country they love,—
A profession each wants of her own,
So that she may be independent and free
To marry or let it alone.

Be patient, dear boy! let her work for a while
With types, with her pen, or in school;
And the time will soon come when she'll long for a
home
Where she as the mistress may rule.

And here, I believe, she will finally own
Is the haven of true freedom's boast;
Where no more, she is bound every day to be found,
Spite of weather or health, at her post.

But now, as she steps from the school, feeling vain
From graduate honors she's got;
Don't think she will view an alliance with you
As the great thing in life to be sought.

But if you believe she alone is the one
You could love all the days of your life;
Just patiently wait, and keep trusting in fate,
And this maiden may yet be your wife.

For, I've oft known a man whom a maid treated worse
Than a cur e'er was used in its life,
Who is now daily met, at the door of his hut,
With a kiss from that maiden—his wife.

DARK WEATHER.

When an unbroken week of dark weather
Has hid the bright sun from our sight;
And through the grim darkness of ether,
No star shades its glimmer at night;
'Tis then that we all begin thinking,
How beautiful is the sun's light;
And we long to again see the blinking
Of stars in the heavens at night.

When, tired of the gloom that oppresses,
And tired of the drizzling rain,
We long for the sun soon to bless us
With glorious light once again,—

'Tis then we appreciate fully
The blessings of sunshine and light,

As in a dry spell we more truly
In gathering clouds take delight.

And so, in all things and all creatures,
From opposite only we learn,
In viewing their different features,
Their differences to discern.

How could we admire the comely,
Were every one comely we see?
Or, how could we pity the homely,
If all alike homely should be?

'Tis only by contrast between
The different things that we see,
That plainness or beauty is seen,
In either, to any degree.

HARD WORKERS.

There's a class of hard workers, who scorn to be
shirkers;

They labor from sunrise till' late every night;
And feel well contented if bread is not stinted,
And thankful for clothing, though scanty and light.

Some get seldom a smile for their hardship and toil,
Or a look of affection to gladden and cheer;
Yet, through sunshine and storm, they each duty per-
form,

Day in and day out, through each wearisome year.

If not always on time, it's a terrible crime;
Ev'n sickness will seldom from labor relieve;
They're like prisoners in cages, and they ne'er strike
for wages;

For wages is something they never receive.

They often feel weary, but try to look cheery,
And always endeavor their masters to please;
Their work never ceases, and never decreases,—
They know not the meaning of leisure or ease.

How truly their name deserves honor and fame!
But they seldom are honored by pencil or pen;
But in heav'n, I believe, their reward they'll receive,—
The housekeeping wives of the laboring men.

A BRIGHT LIGHT AHEAD.

How oft, when some long-cherished hope has been
crushed,

And all our bright fancies have fled,
Would we sit down discouraged, and yield to despair;
But, we see a bright light far ahead.

Then cheered by the hope of a future good time,
Again, we go toiling along;
And soon we forget the mishaps of the past,
And our wailing is changed to a song.

But when we have reached that bright object ahead,
How we droop with disgust and despair;
When we see what we struggled and toiled to attain,
Now, only a bubble of air!

But, while we by this empty vanity grieve,
A radiance about us is shed;
And our mind with delight views the dazzling beams
From another bright light far ahead.

More beautiful seems its radiant beams—
Which from the dim future reflect—
Than the fictitious glimmer that lured us in past
To the spot where our hopes have been wrecked.

But, oh! how discouraging, when we look back,
On all the bright lights we have passed;
To see what had buoyed and encouraged us on,
Resolved into bubbles at last!

But still these bright lights are a blessing to life,
And the source of all greatness and fame;
For they rouse us to efforts which win us, at last,
A distinguished and honorable name.

And all are not fictitious bubbles of air;
Some a genuine brightness impart;
Some exceed in their splendor, and blessings bestowed,
The loftiest hopes of our heart.

STELLA.

There is a name that has a sweeter sound
Than any other earthly name to me;
It thrills me with an ecstasy profound,
Like music from some naiads of the sea.

And ever, as my memory recalls it,
Like fairy spell it weaves, by mystic art,
A net about my will that firmly holds it,
And plays that same sweet music on my heart.

Its syllables a joy to me impart,
Like the faint echoes of a distant bell;
They ripple o'er the keyboard of my heart,
Like sounds of purling brooklets of the dell.

I love to hear the murmur of a stream,
And songs of birds my soul delights to hear;
But, Stella, simple though the name may seem,
Contains the sweetest sounds that strike my ear.

That name brings to my mind a maiden's face,
Illumed by eyes that dance with mirth and fun;
Which light the smiles of mischief in their chase
Across her face, like wavelets 'neath the sun.

And now, when evening brings the toiler rest
From all the tiresome labors of the day,
I sit and think of her I love the best—
Sweet Stella, now so many miles away.

In fancy I can see her pretty face,
Which comes like golden sunshine on my life;
But clouds of dark despair come on apace—
I know I ne'er can win her for my wife.

A student with ambition to excel,
Aerial castles building high, is she;
So my deep love for her I ne'er shall tell,—
Content to share, sometimes, her company.

Hence I a lonely bachelor remain,
Soliloquizing on my hapless fate,—
Charmed only by the thought of her sweet name,
While here, in solitude, I work and wait.

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

Oh, how I do love to gaze, high above,
At the peaceful cerulean sky,
On a calm summer's night, when the moon's
shining bright,
And the stars shed their light from on high!
When the delicate odor of roses and clover,
Is borne on the calm evening breeze,
And the glistening dewdrops all sparkle and
quiver,
In drops, on the flowers and trees,—

How I love to stroll out on so lovely a night,
To muse with sweet Nature alone;
When the moon and the stars shed their silvery
light,

And my thoughts have full freedom to roam.

My heart becomes filled with a silent delight,
As I gaze on such picturesque scenes;
I forget the day's labor, and time in its flight—
I become so absorbed in my dreams.

The scen'ry that gives me the greatest delight
Is the work of no mortal man's hand;
'Tis the sky, decked with planets, so sparkling
and bright,

And the natural scenes of the land;—

The mountains that tower so high in the air,
With their lofty peaks covered with snow,
The valleys, and dales, decked with flowers so
fair,—

The scenery above and below.

But although we may live on some bleak desert
land,

Where there's no earthly scen'ry to love,
We can see the pale moon, so majestic and grand,
The stars, and the blue sky above.

If I never had heard of a heavenly king
Who created all these lovely sights,
I might be a Sabian now, worshiping
Those glorious heavenly lights.

I no doubt would admire the great works of art,
In Paris and transalpine Rome;

But the scenery that gives the most joy to my
heart,

Is the natural scen'ry at home.

Give me a quiet home, in the rural domains,

By the side of some rippling stream;

Where the singing birds warble their musical
strains,

And the atmosphere's pure and serene,—

Where I freely can roam through the woods, in
the spring,

When a green carpet covers the soil,

And pluck the wild flowers, and hear the birds
sing,

Undisturbed by the city's turmoil.

NOBODY'S GREAT TILL HE'S DEAD.

Where are all the men of great intellect gone?

In this dull age of ours does there live not a one?

Have we no Shakespeare nor Milton nor Grey?

No Byron nor Newton nor Webster nor Clay?

Living to-day, may we not hope to find

Men of rare genius and greatness of mind?

Does the cold grave contain every great head?

No,—only, nobody's great till he's dead.

Haven't we Gladstone, John Sherman and Blaine;

Wendell Holmes, Talmage—all men of great brain?

Why don't we honor the ground which they tread?

Just because, nobody's great till he's dead.

Maybe no man, with such knowledge profound

As Shakespeare's or Newton's, to-day may be found;

Yet, it is true while these lived on the earth,
The world recognized not their greatness and worth.
Then cease to bewail intellectual decay;
For some frolicsome schoolboy, unheard of to-day,
In future may sit on the great writer's throne,
Where now sits supreme William Shakespeare alone.

POLITENESS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Tom Collins, the grocer, had closed up his store,
It was past ten o'clock when his day's work was o'er;
With slow-to-pay customers Collins was vexed,
His temper was ruffled, his brain was perplexed.

His wife, Myra, said as she opened the gate,
"I'm sorry, dear Tom, that you must work so late;"
Then she turned her sweet face up, expecting a kiss;
But he slammed the gate shut, and his answer was
this:—

In tones that were not very sweet or polite—

"I'm not in a humor for kissin' to-night."

She had wanted to tell him about the new dress
That her mother had sent her that day by express,
Like the one in which pretty Miss Brown was attired,
Which she'd heard him remark, he so greatly admired;
But the frown on his face made her fear to say more,
So, behind him, she silently walked to their door.

Next evening, as Myra had business up-town,
She dressed herself up in her pretty new gown;—
The moon and the stars shed their silvery light,
But the mists almost shut out their brightness from
sight;—

She was just behind Tom, as he came home from town,

Who turned around smiling:—"Good evening, Miss Brown!

It's a beautiful evening," he said with a smile;
Thought Myra, "I'll act I'm Miss Brown for awhile."

Then he talked of the moonlight, so peaceful and still,
The beauty of valley, and fountain, and rill,

With his arm round her waist, for fear she might fall—

He assured her it gave him "no trouble at all!"

Soon they got to his gate, where he whispered: "Now
Miss,

You won't surly be vexed if I give you a kiss?"

When she looked up and said: "Well, you may as a
friend;"

Tom's eyes looked like saucers; his hair stood on end;

A more surprised man you ne'er saw in your life,

Than Tom, when he knew that Miss Brown was his
wife.

But he kissed her, and said, while she heard his heart
thump:—

"Forgive me! I've been a most terrible chump!"

And he said to himself, with his head hanging down:

"Well I ought—to use Myra—as well as—Miss Brown."

THE OLD BEGGAR MAN.

"I sit by the roadside alone,

And wipe off the sweat from my brow;

I'm a beggar, whom no one will own;

No, nobody cares for me now.

"I travel from door to door,

And beg for a morsel to eat;

When night comes on, and my limbs are sore,

I sleep on the roadside or street.

"Oh! I might have had comfort and wealth,
If in youth I had known how to save;
For I always had very good health;
And, for others, I worked like a slave;

"But I bought just the costliest dress;
When well I was never content,
But traveled for better success,
Till the money I made was all spent.

"And now, I am feeble and old,
A load on these tottering feet;
I have to lie out in the cold,
And beg for the bread that I eat.

"Oh! while we are healthy and young,
We should think of the beggar man's end;
For old age and sickness will come,
When a dollar will win us a friend."

I ALWAYS SAID, "GOOD-MORNING!" WITH
THE REST.

'Twas a season of much bliss
While that pretty brown-eyed miss
Taught our country school and boarded with my mother;
Her eyes were brown, but bright
As the stars that shine at night,
And she seemed to love and trust me as a brother.

We often took a ride
By the moonlight, side by side;
Then we talked about the earth and stars above;
Her beauty, tact and grace
Moved my heart all out of place,
And at length I gathered pluck to speak of love.

Every morning after that
I forgot my coat or hat,
Or some article required was amiss;
And I ran up stairs,—“for it”—
Just about the time I thought
She'd be coming from her room, to get a kiss.

Her pretty ruby lips—
Were the cause of all my trips
Up the stairs, where oft we lovingly caressed;
But when soon, down-stairs she sped,
And, “Good-morning!” sweetly said;
I always said, “Good-morning!” with the rest.

WE ARE NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

It is sad that so many poor children to-day,
Are forced into service so young,
That when women and men, they're uncultured, and
then,

On the merciless world they are flung.

It is sad that young minds oft neglected must be,
On account of necessity stern;
And to such I would say: “Keep up courage, I pray;
For, you're never too old to learn.”

Our men of renown have all struggled uphill,
With their high purpose ever in view;
And many in youth, we're informed for a truth,
Had advantages fewer than you.

If in working and drudging your youth has been spent,
And for knowledge you earnestly yearn;
Don't think it too late to reach anything great,
For, you're never too old to learn.

Ere Franklin's or Spelman's* great studies began,
They were fifty, or over, we're told;
And Dryden and Scott† were unknown, and unsought,
Till each was past thirty years old.

James Watt took up German, Italian, and French
After forty,—and so we discern,
That these cases all prove, that if knowledge we love,
We are never too old to learn.

Alfiero just took up the study of Greek
When past forty-six years of age;
And yet he became a man of great fame,
A remarkable writer and sage.

And hundreds of others have cultured their minds,
When their powers were feeble and worn;
So we all ought to feel, that with patience and zeal,
We are never too old to learn.

TOM INCONSTANT'S HEART.

While I sang, "Give back my heart,"
Suddenly, I gave a start,
When I thought of my request,
And to whom it was addressed.

For my life, I could not say,
In my heart, who has full sway;
Every pretty girl I see
Takes a piece of it from me.
Though it's wholly owned by none,
I must own, there's always one
Of those maids, so sweet and fair,
That has a big and gen'rous share.

* Sir Henry Spelman.

† Sir Walter Scott.

Yet, when she has jilted me,
Her attractions seem to flee;
And I soon snatch back her part
Of my badly fractured heart.

Soon, some new, sweet maiden's face,
With its beauty, heals the place
Where the fragments have coalesced,
In the force-pump of my breast.

"Oh! how fickle, and how strange
Is the heart, that thus can change,
And forget in one short day,
All its love,"—I hear you say:

Yet, my heart, I think you'll find
Is like the average of mankind;
And most broken hearts of men
Are but fiction of the pen.

A BACHELOR'S CONFESSION.

When I leave the field, at evening,
As the daylight fades away;
Soon I reach the house—quite weary
From the labor of the day;
But, I find no supper ready,
And I also sadly miss
A loving wife, with smiling face,
To greet me with a kiss.

For those that think and study
There's a charm in solitude;
And I love my quiet bachelor life,
When in a thinking mood;
But, when tired of work and study,

I am sure to think of this:

"How nice 'twould be to have
A pretty little wife to kiss."

Sometimes, I think, there's much deceit
In every woman's heart;
I'll shun them all, and thus keep
Out of range of Cupid's dart;
But, when feeling tired or lonely,
I think, "Well, it would be bliss
To have a loving little wife
To greet me with a kiss."

Don't say I'm soft, because I think
A kiss so great a treat;
For every one knows some one else
Whose kiss seems very sweet;
And every "bach." has sometimes thought,
Indeed, it would be bliss
To have a loving little wife
To greet him with a kiss.

THE OLD LOGHOUSE IN THE WOOD.

When fond memory shows me my old boyhood home,
What sweet recollections it brings;
With the forest around it where once I did roam;
And, the murmuring creek, and the springs.
I see the old loghouse—the place of my birth,—
And though it looks ancient and rude,
Yet dearer to my heart than the finest work of art,
Is that old loghouse in the wood.

Now, a barefooted boy, with a patch on each knee,
I see fishing, or perched on a limb;

Now at school, or at play, but where e'er he may stray;
I see my own likeness in him.

How I long, once again, for that light careless heart,
With no vice or avarice imbued,
As I knelt by mother's chair and said my evening
prayer,

In that old loghouse in the wood!

I again hear the echoes the forest sent back,
From cow-bells, or whip-poor-will's cry;

Or the owl's startling hoot from the tall tamarack,
Or the scream, as the eagle flew by.

And a strange, melting sadness comes over my heart,
As in innocent child-life I brood;

For I'll ne'er have again the light heart I had then,
In that old loghouse in the wood.

I see the old fire-place where often I sat,
And listened to tales that were told,

By old loving friends, whom I ne'er shall forget,
Whose warm hearts are now still and cold.

Thus oft still in fancy, as memory goes back,
I stand where in childhood I stood;

And seem, from a man, changed to boyhood again,
In that old loghouse in the wood.

JENNIE, I'M COMING TO YOU.

Dear Jennie, twelve years have gone by
Since I looked in your bonnie brown eye;
As to school hand-in-hand we did go,
In that land where the forest trees grow.
I have wandered to many a place—
Seen many a fair maiden's face,

But I'm tired of the false and untrue,
So, Jennie, I'm coming to you!

Your brown eyes, and golden-brown hair,
And complexion so pink and so fair,
And your manner, so candid and sweet,
I'm sure are not backed by deceit.
The dark-eyed brunettes, I adore;
Their glance thrills my heart to the core;
But I find many false and untrue,
So, Jennie, I'm coming to you!

Dear Jennie, you scarcely will know
Your school-mate of twelve years ago,
For time on my visage has wrought
The signs of more serious thought;
But for sake of old happy days past,
You will welcome me back, dear, at last;
That we may our old friendship renew—
So, Jennie, I'm coming to you!

Now the train is beginning to move,
Toward the old home and friends that I love;
And a strange yearning seizes my heart,
As on the home journey I start;
The engine seems sluggish and slow,
No matter how quickly we go;
For in fancy my old home I view;—
And, Jennie, I'm coming to you!

MAT McCRATE'S WAKE.

Before I left ould Ireland, one stormy winter's day,
When the bushes and the hedges wor all dhressed in
white array;—

My mother had been washin', and my father was in
jail,

And my brother Mike had gone to town to get a peck
of male;—

I was sittin' jist behine the dure,—my brother Pat
and me—

Wondherin' when there'd be a wake, a weddin' or a
spree.

I hardly hed the sintence spoke when in walked Tim
McGee,

His face so bright and smilin': "I hev got some
news," says he.

"We're goin' to hev a jolly time, and lots of fun the
night;

Before the morrow mornin', I'll bet there'll be a fight!
Ould Mat McCrate is dead, you know, he died of
stomach ache,

And Polly's cookin' porridge for the people at the
wake!

"Young Bob McCrate has gone to bring some whiskey
from the town;

He says he manes to make this wake the best that's
been aroun'!

So polish yer shilalah, and yer toilet quickly make,
For all the boys and gerruls aroun' are goin' to the
wake!"

Of course, I niver miss a wake, a weddin', or a faste;
So jumpin' up, I dhressed myself, as dacent as a praste;
And jist as soon as avenin' came, I ate a chunk of
cake,

Then shouldhred mv shilalah and started for the wake.

The crowd was jist agetherin' when I got there, at
eight,—

So I went in to hev a chat with Polly Ann McCrate;
For I hed loved the widder wance, and we had traded
hearts;—

I think I got her gizzard though, and Mat the betther
parts!

Oh, yis! indade she chated me; I ne'er was trated
worse;

For I had sparked her years before she w's married to
the corpse!

Of course the widder couldn't help a feelin' low and
sad;

So I thried my best to comfort her, and make her
heart feel glad.

"He's dead and gone, but then," says I, "poor Mat
was gettin' ould;

And couldn't die in a betther time, the weather is so
cowld;

For by what father Ryan says, I've rason to suppose,
There isn't any danger now of Matthew gittin' froze."

But sich a crowd I niver saw as gethered there that
night;

They came at early supper time and stayed till broad
daylight.

Of course there was a gen'ral row, in which we all
took part;

The married women helped it, but the gerruls wor
badly scart.

O'Neil upset the coffin, and the corpse went rollin'
out;

And when it thruck the flure you should have heard
the widder shout.

Tim Murphy got his two eyes blacked, and Mike got
badly bate;

But no one got completely kilt, exceptin' Mat Mc-
Crate.

Polly's porridge was delicious, and the liquors all wor
prime;

And to tell you jis the honest thruth, we had a plisant
time.

ANGER AND BEAUTY.

Sweet maiden your face is like some lovely flower;
Your smile like the sunbeams in fountains that play;
Your songs like the music we hear from some bower,
Where sweetest voiced songsters all join in one lay.

But your frown is as dark as the commonest fellow's;
Your voice is unpleasant and harsh when you scold;
What once so attracted now seems to repel us,
Since sweetness has soured your beauty you've sold.

Ah, maiden! if always you wish to look pretty,
Don't fly in a passion, or sulk in "the blues;"
For pleasantry adds more to genuine beauty
Than all the vile powders or paints you could use.

All scowling and frowning should e'er be discouraged,
They steal every beauty that pleasantry lends;
A smile and good temper should ever be cherished,
For anger and beauty can never be friends.

THE WATCHER.

A mother sits by the lamp's pale light,

Through the silent gloom of the noiseless night;
And watches over a sufferer there,
While her heart goes upward in earnest prayer.
All nature is wrapped up in sweet repose;
The moon on her western journey goes;
The clock's low tick is the only sound
That breaks the stillness of all around;

Except when the silence is broken by
The mother's sigh, or the child's faint cry,
Which seems to sound in the empty room
Like a voice presaging some mortal's doom;
It echoes back on the still night air,
And chills the heart of the watcher there;—
Like one in night-mare, she feels oppressed
By a grievous burden upon her breast.
For when we feel the death angel near,
He directs our thoughts to the spirits' sphere;
And the sound of our own voice makes us start,
And sends a thrill to our fluttering heart.
A father, sister, or brother may
A while by the sick bed watch and pray;
But when all are tired, and to rest have gone,
The patient mother still watches on.

The hot tears flow from her tender eyes,
At her child's beseeching, piteous cries;
So grieved to think it must look, in vain,
For a helpless mother's relief from pain.
Oh! mothers have many a lonely night,
And look on many a pitiful sight;
And thoughtless maidens, before they wed,
But little think of the cares ahead!

THE SHIPWRECK.

The good ship sails out fearlessly
And leaves the land behind;
She starts to plow the briny sea,
Her banner floating high and free,
And sails spread to the wind.

And soon the land is lost to view,
And like one angel free,
With sails spread out she struggles through,
And flying on, conveys her crew
Across the stormy sea;

She's laden with most precious freight,—
Six hundred souls or more
Who dream not of approaching fate,
But only think of friends who wait
Upon the other shore.

Though distant friends look wistfully
As ships draw near the strand,
They look in vain their friends to see,
The ship, they look for hopefully
Will never reach the land.

A mighty hurricane came on,—
The sea was white with froth;
And the gallant ship, so stout and strong,
Was tossed on the billows, and all night long,
She drifted from her path.

She drifted toward the rockbound shore,
Where the dangerous rocks loom high;
Where many a vessel was wrecked before;
And, under the waves, to rise no more,
The shattered fragments lie.

The aged Captain shook his head,
As he peered through the mist and gloom;
It filled his brave old heart with dread,
As he gazed on the jagged rocks ahead;
For there he read their doom.

The sailors work and toil away,
Though dashing toward their doom;
The word is passed for all to pray,
The voice of death seems now to say:
"Your last hour has come!"

The lightning streams across the sky,
And loud the thunderbolts of heaven;
And mingled with them floats the cry
Of those who fear, but have to die,
As the last plunge is given!

Some meet their doom without a sigh,
Without a pang or tear;
But more there are who fain would fly,—
Too late to heaven they raised their cry,
And their hearts throb with fear.

And when the storm had spent its wrath,
And the full moon, so calm and pale,
Lit up that awful scene of death,
Of all the crew, but one had breath
To tell the mournful tale.

There, many a gallant sailor bold,
Ceased to draw his breath;
And rich and poor, and young and old,
Under the waves, lie still and cold,
In the calm sleep of death!

The bravest, noblest men of fame
 Are those, in whose career,
 True virtue was the highest aim;—
 Who bore a pious christian name,
 And died without a fear.

A NIGHT DISTURBANCE.

PREFATORY NOTE.

[The following lines, written somewhat in the style of Poe's Raven, were composed by the author for a debate on Married vs. Single life, at a country literary society.

Mr. J. M. Lewis and family lived in a part of the author's house, who was then a bachelor, and consequently talked in favor of single life, and quoted the following lines to illustrate the contrast between married and single life.]

Once at midnight—dark and dreary,
 Whilst I rested, worn and weary,
 Undisturbed by ghost or fairy,
 Sweetly slumbering in my bed;—
 I was wakened by a squalling,
 Yes, a most terrific bawling,
 And the sound of footsteps falling
 On the floor beneath my head—
 Underneath a "bach's" bed.

"Surely, now," said I, "I'm dreaming;—
 No, I see a blue light streaming
 From the window, and such screaming
 Mortal never heard before!
 Well," said I, "such midnight music
 I consider is a bore;
 Nothing less, if nothing more.

"Is that light the moon-light paling?
 Is that sad and plaintive wailing

Made by banshees, after sailing
 Here from some mysterious shore?
 Have they come in countless numbers
 To disturb my peaceful slumbers,
 With their howlings and their grumblings?"—
 Here, I opened wide the door.—
 "What is that that walks the floor?"
 "'Tis no banshee that quite true is;—
 Bless my soul! it's Mr. Lewis;
 And the baby has the blues; —
 'Tis the kid, and nothing more!
 Yes, it has a touch of colic,
 So till morning it will roar—"

Then, I slumbered as before.

EARLIER POEMS.

My first poem, written when I was twelve years old.

SPRING.

Spring is here and now the birds are singing on the
 trees;
 The dark green grass is springing up fanned by the
 gentle breeze;
 The birds are busy building nests; the flowers all look
 gay,
 While butterflies are flitting by through all the pleas-
 ant day.

The clover and the violets are now all out in bloom,
 And the gentle breeze is laden with the flowers' sweet
 perfume;

The lark and the canary sing their charming songs of
praise;

The bees are storing honey up for the cold winter
days.

How pleasant, on a sunny day, when the grass and
trees are green,

To ramble through the shady woods beside some rip-
pling stream;

To sit down on a mossy bank, beneath a shady tree,
And watch the water flowing on its journey to the
sea!

There's something in the opening bud, and in the
tender blade,

More wonderful than anything that man has ever
made.

The lovely scenes of Nature no artist's skill can paint;
No artificial works on earth are quite so grand and
quaint;

No city on this spacious globe can give so grand a
view;

No poet can describe her scenes and give the praise
that's due.

A KISS ON THE SLY.

I took my girl for a walk last night, alone,
To ramble out by the glorious light of the moon;
I was bound from her lips one kiss I'd get,
Although she might scream or go into a fit.
"She may like it or not but she'll have to submit,"
Thought I;—

Chorus. For a kiss on the sly,

When nobody's nigh,
Is sweeter than sugar or pumpkin pie,—
Oh, my!

She linked her beautiful little arm in mine,
And talked about each flower, tree, and vine;
Such a pleasure, I knew, I might seldom enjoy,
And I said to myself, "I'm a fortunate boy;
If she'd just let me kiss her, I think I could die
Content."

For a kiss, etc.

We walked awhile and then sat down to rest,
Then I told her she was the one I loved the best;
My heart was so full I could hardly speak,
But, I threw my arms around her neck,
And tried to kiss her on the cheek,
So sly;—

For a kiss, etc.

She pulled, and screamed and squirmed around, and
fussed;
But I had sworn I'd have a kiss or burst;—
But her father came down with a chunk of a stick,
And pounced upon me like a thousand of brick;
He walloped me with it, then gave me a kick,—
Ah me!

A kiss on the sly,
When the old man is nigh,
May make you bellow, and force you to cry,
Oh, my!

ETHEL MARY.

Sweet Ethel Mary, bright gleeful fairy;

Your lovely face is always bright and cheery;
Your smile is like the sun's resplendent light,
That gladdens day and banishes the night.

Your model stature and faultless features
Make you the loveliest of lovely creatures;
Your rosy cheeks, and golden sunny hair,
Were not surpassed by Cleopatra fair.

My adoration and deep devotion,
Shall last while e'er this breath of mine has motion;

My love shall last unchanged by time and age,—
The cares of life will not its power assuage.

When youthful sweetness has left your features,
I'll love you for your prudence and your meekness;

When time has changed your golden tresses gray,
I'll love them still for what they used to be.

In frosty weather, the roses wither,
But, in our memories, they will live forever;
And beauty like the flowers fades away,
But inward beauty never will decay.

I love devotedly, so never doubt me,
For truly I can never live without thee;
My life would be most miserable and drear,
Without your smiling countenance to cheer.

GOD'S CARE FOR US BELOW.

We often ramble through the fields beneath the summer sky,
And pluck the lovely flowers that around our pathway lie;

We often see the silvery moon and twinkling stars at
night,
And in the day, the glorious sun that gives us heat
and light.

The seasons in succession come all o'er the temperate
land,
And everything proclaims the work of an Almighty-
hand;
And still we often view God's works, and of His gifts
partake,
Without a thought of Him who sends these blessings
for our sake.

The beasts are thankful for their food, the birds sing
thankful lays,
But selfish man accepts His gifts without a word of
praise;
When we can see God's care for us in all His works
below,
We truly ought to realize how much to Him we owe.
For our sake He sends the sun to give us heat and
light;
For our sake the earth revolves and causes day and
night;—
He sends the rain to wet the ground, and cause the
plants to grow;—
For all the blessings we enjoy, to Him the thanks we
owe.

A CHILD'S RECITATION FOR CHRISTMAS.

Christmas time again is here—
The gayest day of all the year;

Bringing joy and happiness,
Changing sadness into bliss.

Though the frosty wind may blow,
Though the ground is white with snow,
Yet we do not mind the storm,
For our hearts are glad and warm.

Hear the dear old church-bells chime,
Gaily proclaiming Christmas time;
Hear the sleigh-bells all around
Filling the air with their joyous sound.

Oh! how happy we all shall be,
When the tapers are lit in the Christmas tree;
And the bright light falls on the drums and
[dolls,
And boxes of candy, and popcorn balls.

For the boys like drums,
And the girls like dolls,
And we all like candy
And popcorn balls.

THE FARMER BOY.

I'm a jolly farmer boy,
And my heart is light with joy,
When I go to work out in the early morn;
The robin and the lark
Sing their songs from morn till dark,
While I plow through the fields of waving corn.
Though I'm working every day,
Yet my heart is light and gay;—
I love to see the fields of yellow grain;

I love to work and toil
In the black and loamy soil,
And to cultivate the corn and sugar cane.

My clothes are rather spare,
And my shoes the worse for wear,
I'm working in the dirt from morn till dark;
But there's no one that I'll see,
To pass remarks on me,
For my only company is the team I work.

As I walk behind the plow,
I do often wonder how
Some can think of only one thing at a time;
For it makes the hours fly,
And the time go quickly by,
If it's only thinking up some silly rhyme.

On the farm, true freedom reigns,
And we live by honest gains,
Away from all the city's noise and strife;
Though 'tis steady heavy work,
From early morn, till dark,
It's a healthy, honest, independent life.

When the harvest has begun,
Then the reaping must be done,
And we farmer boys are toiling all the day;
Oft when weary, faint and tired
We may think our lot is hard;
But the evening twilight drives our cares away.

Then let us ne'er give vent
To complaints or discontent,
But be thankful for the privileges we've got;
Though there's comfort for a few,

Some must do the work, 'tis true,
So 'tis best to be contented with our lot.

THE CLANE PAY STHRAW.

It's of an honest Irishman who came from Dublin
town,
And took the job of threshin' all the people's pays
aroun';
And when the winter time came on, and all the ground
was white,
He took his flail, and went to work, and worked with
all his might;
He was an honest Irishman, and niver went to law,
But stayed at home, and worked among the clane pay
sthraw.
It was not for the sthraw he worked, it wasn't for the
pays;
It wasn't jist to do a hape to git the neighbors' praise;
But, when a job was done, he got the ready cash,
And he didn't go and spend it on tobacco and sich
trash;
For he was a dacent Irishman, and didn't smoke nor
chaw,
But delighted to be workin' in the clane pay sthraw.
He swung his flail aroun' his head, and walloped it
about;
Till ivery pay-pod on the flure was turned clane in-
side out;—
And when a job was finished he didn't go and rest,
For he sade when he was busy was the time he felt
the best;

He put his money in the bank, where some intherest
 it would dhraw;
 Then hunted up another job in the clane pay sthraw.
 He saved enough of money soon to buy himself a farm,
 And he thought, if he'd git married then, it wouldn't
 be much harm.
 So to the girl he loved he sade, "If you will be my
 wife,
 I'll give you all you want to ate all the days of your
 life?
 You can do as you're a mind to, and go where'er you
 plaze,
 And I'll kape at my honest thrade of knockin' out the
 pays."
 He feared she wouldn't take him, but it set his heart at
 aise
 When she said, "I always loved the man that threshed
 my father's pays."
 So they got married very soon, and settled down for
 life,
 And I'm sure he has a very purty, clanelly little wife.
 They live together happily, and niver scold and jaw,—
 And he has a boy to help him now in the clane pay
 sthraw.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

Improve the hours as they fly,
 For time is on the wing;
 If idle hours pass you by
 They leàve Remorse's sting.
 An hour lost in idleness
 Can never be recalled,

Though 'twere to bring you years of bliss,
Or happiness untold.

An idle hour leaves our desires
Two behind our aim;—
An hour's improvement lost requires
Another hour to gain.

We nearly all appreciate
The wealth of Wisdom's mine;
And still we often underrate
The sterling worth of time.

If every day we'd spend an hour
In one of Self-Help's schools,
Our minds would soon have quite a store
Of Wisdom's precious jewels.

Then let us prize each fleeting hour,
Improve it while we may;
Regard it as a precious flower
That soon will pass away.

So that when we have lost our youth,
And our best days are past;
We may look back and say with truth,
My life has not been lost.

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

When thoughts of distant friends come to my mind,
I always think of one old apple tree;
Its trunk, with morning-glory vines entwined,
Brings happy reminiscences to me.

Its spreading limbs with luscious apples bent,
In my imagination I can see;

Oh, many happy hours I have spent
Underneath that old apple tree!

That tree is now one thousand miles away,
Beside my neighbor's home across the sea;
And often I have talked with lovely May,
Underneath that old apple tree!

At evening, when the day-light fades away,
And from all care our hearts are light and free,
I crossed the fields to meet my darling May,
Underneath that old apple tree.

There, arm-in-arm we walked beneath the trees,—
Oh, that was such a time of joy to me!—
Or rested in the cool refreshing breeze,
Underneath that old apple tree.

I have a withered flower off the vine,
A flower that my darling gave to me,
The evening she consented to be mine,
Underneath that old apple tree.

I am longing for that happy day to come,
When the proud ship shall bear me o'er the sea;
When I hope to meet my darling near her home,
Underneath that old apple tree.

LOVE AND DIVORCE.

"Oh, Sally, my dear! I love you like beer;
Won't you marry me?—Don't say no;—
Consent to be mine, my swate angel divine;
Say yes, and we'll call it a go!"

"Oh, yes!" answered Sally; "I'll marry you, Pat,
For I know that you're lovin' and thrue;

Then, you've got a fine cow, and an illigent sow,
A fine farm, and a praty patch, too."

And now they reside by the quiet river side,
Young Paddy McGee and his spouse;
They look at atch other, and lovin'ly smile,
Sittin' there in their own little house.

Says Patrick:—"Dear Sally, I'd like to live holy;
It is not this world we shud live for;
And, since it's not late, we might hev a debate,
On some sarmon or passage of scripture."

"With you I agree," says Sally McGee;
"Now answer this question for me:
How is it that Moses could live in a whale,
When the whale took him under the sea?"

"Now there's where yer wrong, darlin' Sally," says Pat,
"It was Job that was ate by a whale;
I remember my ould mother tellin' me that,
When I ast her to tell me a tale."

"Well, yer ould mother didn't know nothin'!" says Sall,
"No more than her foolish son Pat;
And I think, if you rade in the Bible at all,
You ought to know betther than that!"

"It was Job!" answered Pat, "and don't call me a fool,
Or I'll flatten yer long pointed nose!"

"I'll hev the last word if I dy," shouted Sall,—
"It was Mose—Moses, Mose—Moses, Mose!"

"You ignorant shpalpeen!" says Sally McGee;
"Fit for nothin' at all but to brag!"

"And you too," says Pat, as he jerked off his coat;
"Yer a stubborn, concaited, ould hag!"

Sall picked up the Bible, that lay on the flure,
And, aimin' at Patrick, she fired;
And the harmless ould cat, fast aslape on the mat,
From a blow in the stomach, expired.

They upset the table, the stove and the bed,
And broke all the crockery-ware;
Poor Sall got a scratch on the side of her head,
And Pat lost a handful of hair.

The roosters all crowed at a terrible rate,
And the sow in the kitchen broke out of her pen;
The dog through the window soon made his escape,
And niver came back there again.

So Sall packed her box with dhresses and socks,
And ribbons, and jewelry, of course;
And went to the hills, where her ould father dwells,
And, soon afther, got a divorce.

Thus many a couple hev parted for life,
By hevin' opinions too sthrong;
And quarrels arise betwane husband and wife,
When both of them are in the wrong.

A TABLEAU.

(FIRST VIEW.)

It is a fearful, stormy night;
The air with drifting snow is white;
And the piercing wind with giant might
Scatters the powdery snow.

But yonder goes poor little Floe,
Facing the frosty wind and snow;

For to the village she must go
To bring her drunken father home.

The snow lay deep across her path;
The piercing north wind took her breath,
And falling there she froze to death,
And left this world of grief and care.

(Second View.)

Her gentle mother, all alone,
Lies in a garret, not her own,—
A raging fever makes her groan,
And hunger slowly takes her life.

Her lips can scarcely move to pray;
Her life is fading fast away;
And, all alone, at break of day
The careworn mother breathes her last!

(Third View.)

Down in a bright, well-heated room
A man plays cards for beer and rum;
Not thinking of his cheerless home,
Or of his poor, neglected wife.

A wretched drunkard, vile and frail;
A victim to the demon Ale;
His blood-shot eyes reveal the tale,
His low degraded look explains.

Thousands have been condemned to die,
For murder, theft, or perjury,
Deserving death no more than he;
But then, his punishment will come.

What pleasure can he have in life?
His starved, neglected child and wife
Will haunt his conscience all through life,
Until his dying day—

Oh many a man is hurled down hill,
By drinking in that poisonous swill,
And many a home made miserable
By brandy, beer and rum.

A FAREWELL.

"Darling, soon our ship will sail,
For the transatlantic shore;
And what grieves me most of all,—
I can be with you no more.

"Come and sit down by my side,
Till I whisper in your ear,
Till I tell you how I love you;
Will you listen, Nelly dear?

"I must sail across the ocean,
And my face you ne'er may see;
But when I'm in foreign countries,
Will you sometimes think of me?

"Oh! it is a time of sorrow,
When two friends like us must part;
But although I leave to-morrow,
I will leave with you my heart.

"Soon, some other voice than mine,
Love, will whisper in your ear,
When I'm in a foreign clime,
Some one else your songs will hear.

"But if health and strength are spared me,
Nine long years—and not till then;
Darling Nellie! if you love me,
I'll come back to you again."

Then the maiden hid her face
On his true and manly breast,
From her heart, she whispered "Yes;
You're the one I love the best.

"Oh my darling, Charlie Fern!
Now I promise to be true;
I can wait till your return,
Then I'll wed with none but you."

AN AFRICAN'S PAEAN.

"Oh, I feel so bery cu'ious and funny!
I nebber felt so funny in my life;
For massa's dead and left me lots of money,
And Dolly Jane consents to be my wife.
I often heard old massa making mention,
Of how I was so willing and so strong;
And he left me eighty dollahs for a pension,
Because I wocked and slaved for him so long.

Chorus.

"Den gadder all the culled folks togadder;
Take down de banjo from de doah;
Lay de hoe and shubbel by foreber;
I'll neber need to use dem any moah.
"Oh, ain't I glad de cruel war am ober,
And all de honest culled folks am free!
And ain't I glad I'se such a happy luper,
For Dolly's gwine to lib and die with me.

Oh, am I not a lucky, plucky niggah!

My step now am dignified and slow;

Oh, won't I cut a dashing, flashing figgah!

I'll not 'sociate wid common trash no moah.

"Kick dem old slippas to de sky!

Tear down dat ragged summah tent!

Take off your hats as I go by,

For now I's a wealthy culled gent!

Now, neighbors, I'll not bodder you so much,

So take de padlock off your henhouse doah;

I'se gwine to go and join de Baptist church;

I'll neber steal a chicken any moah.

"All de culled men am feeling jolly,

All de lubby culled gals am free;

Ebery gal am wishing she were Dolly,

And ebery niggah's wishing he were me.

Soon I'se gwine to marry lubby Dolly,

Oh, den how happy we will be!

I'll leab dis ole cabin in de valley,

And build a costly mansion by de sea."

SLANDERERS.

There is one class of people I don't care to know,

These people you often have seen;

They stir up dissension wherever they go,

And these are the folks that I mean.

They are those always ready to scorn and defame,

And to paint others black as the night;

Others' failings and vices they love to proclaim,

But the good they conceal from our sight.

If there's any one going down hill in despair,
And his heart with misfortune is sick;
You will always find some of this class very near,
To assist him along,—with a kick.

We are all apt to paint others worse than they are,
It's a failing to which we are prone;
For the best of mankind finds it easier far
To see other folks' faults than his own.

But the true gentlewoman, or true gentleman
Will speak ill of no one at all,
But will speak a good word for a friend if they can—
From their pure lips no slander will fall.

A word to encourage the heart in despair
Is oftentimes better than gold;
A look of compassion will drive away care;
But harshness will make friendship cold.

Then withhold not the smile that may lighten a care,
Or the word that may dry up a tear;
If we cannot our neighbor's calamities bear,
We can give him a word of good cheer.

In other's mishaps let us not take delight,
But do all the good we can do;
For in trying to make others happy and bright,
We will make ourselves happier too.

Then if, blessed by good fortune, our pocket-books fill,
And success all our efforts may crown;
Let us think of the man who is toiling up hill,
With adversity crushing him down.

MINE HORRIBLE FRAU.

"Oh, me und mine frau ve cannot agree!

She vould kill me sometime if she could;
Te reason for dis I cannot zee,
For I try to be righteous und goot.

Chorus.

"Oh! my life is all drians, vare effer I go,
I'm wretched, despised and forlorn;
I vish dat some man vould run off mit mine frau,—
Oh, I vish dot I neffer vas porn!

"Before we got marriet, when I vas arount,
She vas always so tidy und neat;
She looked like some angel, shust lately come
down,—
So nize, und so goot, und so schweet:—

"Now she uses te floor-cloth to wipe out mine cup,
Und she kicks mine hat out of te door;
She uses mine coat for to vipe up te slop,
Und mine preeches for scrubbin' te floor.

"She gomes out for to zee dot I do mine vork
right,
Und scolds me, und orders me 'pout;
While te cats trink te milk, und te scheekins all
fight,
Und te togs help temselves to te krout.

"She tells me dot she is te boss ob te blace,
Und she shows me te knout in te jars;
Und tells me te tripe und te Switzer kase,
Und te pread und te cabbage are hers.

"Now, poys, let me give you a leetle advice,
Never marry a voman because she looks nize;

You'll have sorrows, und drians, und droubles, und
strife,

If you're not very careful vhen choosing a wife."

THE BASHFUL YOUNG MAN.

" Oh, I'm such a terribly bashful young lad,
My heart is discouraged, my countenance sad;
I try to look brave, and as bold as I can,
But it's useless, because, I'm a bashful young man!

" If any young ladies come into the house,
I sit in the corner as quiet as a mouse;
While my heart thumps my ribs, and feel my hair
stan',—

I'm such an unfortunate, bashful young man.—

" As I went to the village one bright summer's night,
A group of young ladies soon put me to flight;
I stumbled and fell in a ditch as I ran,
I'm such an unfortunate bashful young man.

" Had you passed by our house when the first snow
fell,
You'd have noticed a crowd round the newly dug
well;
I hid near the edge when I saw Mary Ann,—
And my friends came to fish for a bashful young
man.

" My numerous blunders the whole country knows,
And the young folks deride me and laugh at my
woes;
The girls never style me Josiah McCann;
They just call me, 'The bashful young man.'

" I would like to go courting like other young men,
And not stay at home like an old sitting hen;
I would like to propose to that sweet Mary Ann,
But I can't, just because, I'm a bashful young man.

" I cannot associate with other young folks,
Nor take any part in their games or their jokes;
It is hard on poor bashful Josiah McCan,
But such is the life of a bashful young man."

AN OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

" I'm very old, my head is bald,
My step is short and slow;
I first caught sight of sublime daylight,
One hundred years ago.

" I'm one of the boys of olden times,
Life's work for me is done,
For time has rolled and now I'm old,
My race is nearly run.

" This world is changing all the time,
'Tis not as it used to be;
The laws are new, and the people too,
There seems no room for me.

" The children too are not the same,
The boys wear stylish clothes;
The girls have ruffs, and bangs and puffs
And painted cheeks, and 'beaux.'

" This world seems revolutionized,
The folks too much refined;
They seem to fly like birds to the sky,
While I'm left far behind.

"The young deride my ancient ways
And say my whims should stop,
But while I live I ne'er shall give
The good old customs up.

" But I soon must leave this changing world,
So fond of style and fame;
I shall soon be gone to a better home
That will always be the same."

WISHING.

A man built his hut on the side of the road,
How he lived I am sure I don't know;
A stranger might think that he wasn't alive.
He moved round so terribly slow.

He sits in his shanty arrayed in old rags,
With his chin on the palm of his hand,
And wonders if some of his friends will soon die,
And leave him their money and land.

And there he sits thinking, wishing and planning;
Studying, pondering o'er;
No doubt if his wishes were all supplied,
He still would be wishing for more.

He don't feel contented to live as he does,
But laziness compels him to sit,—
He thinks that some day he may pick up some gold
Without working, or looking for it.

If he'd go out and work, he might earn some gold,
While he foolishly sits and contrives,
I'm afraid he will have to wait there for awhile,
If he waits till his fortune arrives. —

How many there are, who, when poverty comes,
Get discouraged and murmur and fret!

How many there are who foolishly wish
For things that they never can get!

For wishing will ne'er fill our pocket-books up,
And fretting ne'er found fortunes's road;
And idleness wins no one riches or fame,
Nor will murmuring lighten our load.

Every man in this world must see after himself,
And try to grab unto his share,
If he contemplates living on other folks' wealth,
I'm afraid he'll have pretty hard fare.

SIMON SIMPLE'S NOVEL.

Good people don't lose your patience,
Before this story is done;
It's only a lie I'm relatin',
I'm tellin' it just for fun:

I'll not do like lyin' othors,
Purtend that its ivery word trew,
I ashure you, before I komence it,
I'm makin' it up as I go.

I don't see no yuse in komposin'
Bout sumthin' that ivery man nose,
So I'll tell you a yarn I'm supposin'
And this is the way that it goes.

A man wanst luv'd a maiden,
The maiden wos fair and white,

Hur cheeks wor as red as roses,
Hur eyes wor as black as nite.

The snow and rain came pepperin' down
All throe the sunny hours;
The lark soared hie in the black blue skie,
And the air was filled with flowers.

The man wos true and faithful,
Hansome, tall and slim,
He luv'd the maiden dearly,
An' she thought as much of him.

The otim wind, sweepin' over the land,
Proklamed that spring had come;
The sun rose hie in the western skie,
An' the plowman plodded home.

The day that he ast the maiden
If she wod be his wife,
An' she sade she'd like to awful well,
But hur father wad take hur life.

Wan stormy day in the month of May,
When the flowers wor all in blume,
And the pleasant bee sang merrilee,
Az she carried hur honey home;

The man went out and hung himself,
An' bade this world adew,
An' it maid this maiden feel so bad
Hur hart soon bryke in tew.

Now don't commence to blubber,
'Cause these lovers kicked the bucket,
For it's jist a lie that I've fixed up
To touch your heart and pocket.

LET THE YOUNG FOLKS HAVE THEIR FUN.

Let the young folks have their games and fun
Around the hearth at home;
Their youthful days will soon be gone,
And life's grave cares will come.
For laughter and mirth are blessings to earth,
Like the beautiful light of the sun;
So don't try to stop their innocent mirth;—
Let the young folks have their fun.

Some old folks seem to quite forget
That they ever were young and gay;
They sit in their corner, and scold and fret
When the children laugh or play;—
But 'twill make them lively, healthy and smart
To jump and tumble and run,
So join their circle and take a part;—
Let the young folks have their fun.

This world would be a gloomy old place,
If everybody should wear
A sober, dignified, solemn face
With the lines of grief and care:
Then gather the family into the room,
When the work of the day is done;
Stir up the fire to lighten the gloom;
Let the young folks have their fun.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"
And to him the world seems sad dreary;
But music and song fill his bosom with joy,
And make him forget that he's weary.
So let the boys dance and the girls sing and play,

When their studies and work are done,
That the old may feel young and the young may
 feel gay,—
Let the young folks have their fun.

LIFE.

Life is a solemn mystery;
Oh! who can boast its mastery,
 If he upon it ponders?
The more he pores life's science o'er,
The more he learns of it, the more
 He wonders.

Eternity behind us lies,
Into it e'er the present flies,
 Yet both unchanged remain;
The future lies behind a cloud—
Impenetrable to the crowd
 Who scan its depths in vain.

We have but one life here below,
And yet, within, we feel and know
 There is a life to come;
And Death, alone, can e'er reveal
That future life, of woe or weal,
 Beyond the tomb!

Oh! why sit here in idleness
In such a transient life as this?
 Death soon will call!
And if posterity would see
Our names in future history,
 "Giant Sloth" must fall!

We live a few years here below,
That by our lives here, we may show
 What future life we merit;
And if we walk the narrow way,
When this short life is o'er we may
 A crown inherit.

THE END.

POEMS

BY

WILL L. CROWE

BEING A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL SONGS,
RECITATIONS, AND OTHER POEMS,
NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

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PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR